

# THE GLORY OF TOIL

Edna Dean Proctor

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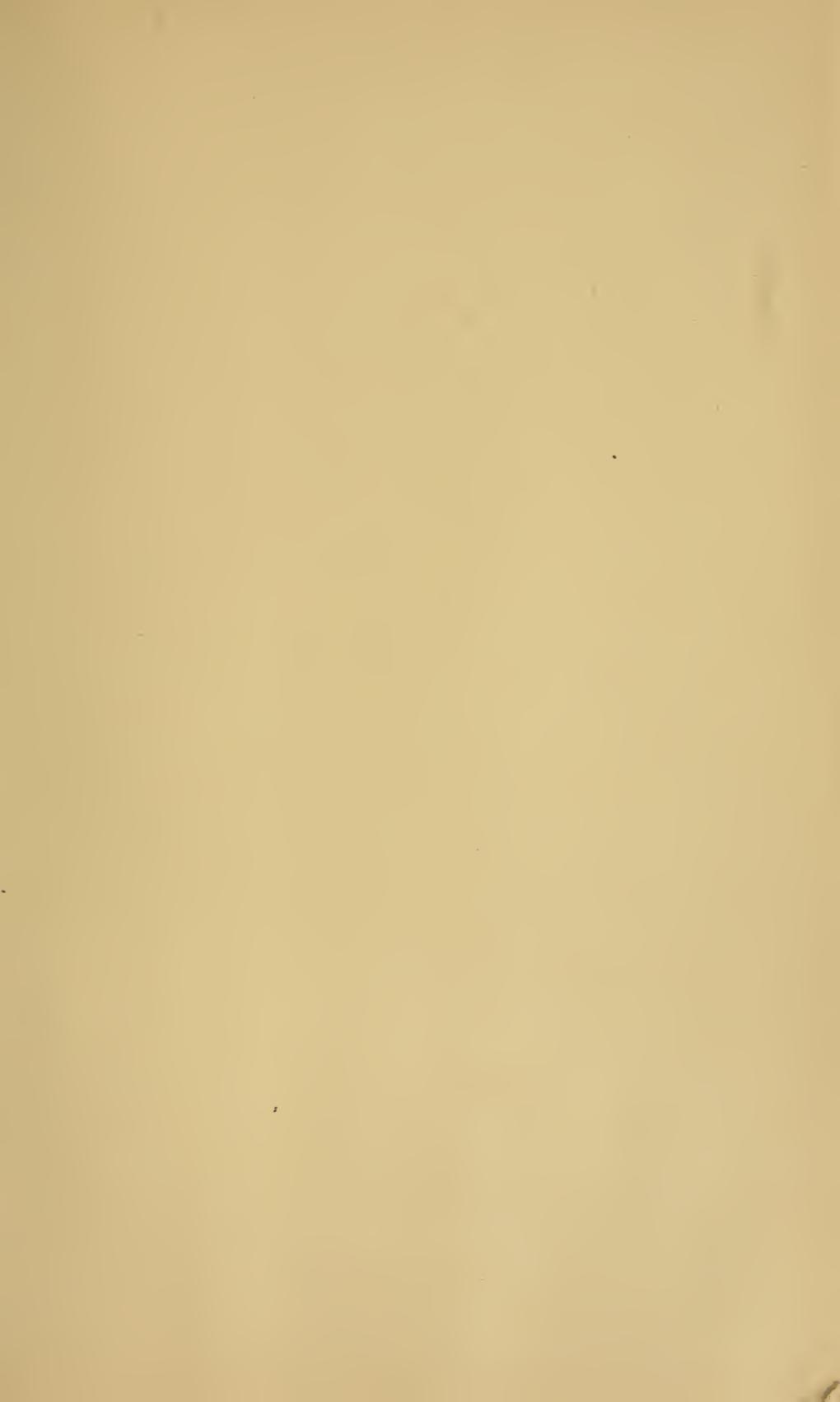
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**THE GLORY OF TOIL  
AND OTHER POEMS**



# THE GLORY OF TOIL

## AND OTHER POEMS

BY

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR



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BOSTON AND NEW YORK  
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TO  
TOILERS EVERYWHERE



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## **THE GLORY OF TOIL**



## THE GLORY OF TOIL

WHETHER they delve in the buried coal,  
or plough the upland soil,  
Or man the seas, or measure the suns,  
hail to the men who toil!

It was stress and strain, in wood and  
cave, while the primal ages ran,  
That broadened the brow, and built the  
brain, and made of a brute a man ;  
And better the lot of the sunless mine,  
the fisher's perilous sea,  
Than the slothful ease of him who  
sleeps in the shade of his bread-  
fruit tree ;  
For sloth is death and stress is life in all  
God's realms that are,  
And the joy of the limitless heavens is  
the whirl of star with star !

## THE GLORY OF TOIL

Still reigns the ancient order — to sow,  
and reap, and spin;  
But oh, the spur of the doing! and oh,  
the goals to win,  
Where each, from the least to the greatest,  
must bravely bear his part —  
Make straight the furrows, or shape  
the laws, or dare the crowded  
mart!  
And he who lays firm the foundations,  
though strong right arm may  
tire,  
Is worthy as he who curves the arch and  
dreams the airy spire;  
For both have reared the minster that  
shrines the sacred fire.

Floods drown the fairest valleys; fields  
droop in the August blaze;  
Yet rain and sun are God's angels that  
give us the harvest days,

## THE GLORY OF TOIL

And toil is the world's salvation, though  
stern may be its ways:  
Far from the lair it has led us — far  
from the gloom of the cave —  
Till lo, we are lords of Nature instead  
of her crouching slave!  
And slowly it brings us nearer to the  
ultimate soul of things:  
We are weighing the atoms, and wed-  
ding the seas, and cleaving the  
air with wings;  
And draining the tropic marshes where  
death had lain in wait,  
And piercing the polar solitudes, for all  
their icy state;  
And luring the subtle electric flame to  
set us free from the clod —  
O toiling Brothers, the earth around, we  
are working together with God!  
With God, the infinite Toiler, who  
dwells with His humblest ones,

### THE GLORY OF TOIL

And tints the dawn and the lily, and  
flies with the flying suns,  
And forever, through love and service,  
though days may be drear and  
dim,  
Is guiding the whole creation up from  
the deeps to Him!

## THE GOAL OF THE WORLD

(Words for the central movement of Chopin's  
"Funeral March")

O the goal of the world is Joy —  
Joy divine that is born of love!  
Sorrows are wings that safe convoy  
The soul to its nobler realms above.  
There are days that darken and die in  
gloom  
Till the heart is heavy with grief and  
wrong,  
Yet still in the shadow some rose will  
bloom,  
And still through the wail there runs  
a song;  
For loss and anguish are only the beat  
Of the wild March rains that bring  
the sheaves,

## THE GOAL OF THE WORLD

And a wind of heaven will woo our  
feet  
To the vales of peace in the harvest  
eves.

Never a star too late or dim  
To hold its way with the central sun;  
Nor a voice too faint to swell the hymn  
By the Father's throne when the  
years are done—  
The ages of God that are moulding fair  
Each life for the glory that is to be;  
Nor the woes of earth nor the powers  
of air  
Can stay from the palms and the crys-  
tal sea !  
For oh, the goal of the world is Joy —  
Joy divine that is born of love:  
Sorrows are wings that safe convoy  
The soul to its nobler realms above !

## THE WAR IN EUROPE — 1915<sup>1</sup>

(Abdallah of Cairo speaks)

By the Prophet! If these be Christians,  
where shall we find the Heathen?

If this is their gospel of Love, where  
shall we look for Hate?

With the lilies of Peace their Jesus in  
temple and shrine is wreathen,  
But they raven like wolves in the fold  
when the moon is late.

And for *what*? For the market; for greed  
of gold and dominion;

To rule to the uttermost sea and the  
shores no foot has trod;

Their impious fleets sail the sky, but  
never a pinion

Bears the beleaguered spirit to regions  
above the clod.

## THE WAR IN EUROPE

A blast of the desert were we in our  
fervor, our valor,  
From Khalid to Amrou and Musa,  
lords of the Western world!  
Alike in the flush of triumph, the death  
angel's pallor,  
We were soldiers of God and our  
banners were only in Paradise  
furled!

*These* carry their Goddess with them —  
the Virgin they dare bedizen  
With jewels and robe of silver or fret  
of gold to her feet;  
Blessed, thrice blessed be Allah! the soul  
that to Him has risen  
Nor images needs, nor temples, the  
merciful Lord to greet!

Pleasant the cool of the mosque, the  
fountain, the soaring column;

## THE WAR IN EUROPE

Dear the call of the muezzin to prayer  
at the day's decline;  
But the wind of the waste can summon  
in tones more tenderly solemn,  
For the East and the West are Allah's  
— the wilderness-ways a shrine.

So, if this infidel host at the Moslem  
gates should thunder,  
We know that beneath the tumult  
will be Allah's eternal calm;  
Aye, if to prove our faith the walls should  
be rent asunder,  
He will build them again more  
grandly for the glory of Islam!

• • • • •

By the Prophet! If these be Christians,  
where shall we find the Heathen?  
If this is their gospel of Love, where  
shall we look for Hate?

## THE WAR IN EUROPE

With the lilies of Peace their Jesus in  
temple and shrine is wreathen,  
But they raven like wolves in the fold  
when the moon is late.

Hark to the roar of battle! the wail for  
the dead and the dying!  
Prating of light these Christians have  
shrouded the earth in gloom;  
Each unto God or Goddess for conquest  
and gain is crying—  
I will repeat the Fátiha and leave them  
to their doom!

## A MECCAN PROPHECY<sup>2</sup>

(1916)

Not Roum, but Mecca! where the  
skies

Lean just below God's Paradise,  
And where the azure dome was riven  
To let the Black Stone fall from heaven;  
Where Abraham prayed and Ishmael  
An angel led to Zem Zem's well,  
And both upbuilt that House divine—  
The Kaabah, earth's most holy shrine;  
And where Our Lord Mohammed came  
To save us from the awful flame.

Ah, when we heard that God is One,  
And merciful, and that we dwell,  
Beyond, in Paradise or Hell  
As we have kept His just decrees—

[ 11 ]

A MECCAN PROPHECY

Praise be to Allah! round the world  
To speed the truth our hosts were hurled;  
    Swift as the light we made it run  
From land to land till all the air  
Echoed the fervent praise or prayer  
    Of suppliant nations on their knees,  
And half the earth, from pine to palm,  
Was won for Allah and Islam.

Not Roum, but Meccah! Let the law  
Go forth where first the Prophet saw  
The way to God, and where he lies  
Entombed with all high sanctities  
Of earth and Heaven. The Turk's dark  
    hour  
Must pass. The Arab's day of power  
Dawns newly, and the desert still  
Shall have the vision and the will  
To move the world! . . .

## A SEA-BIRD

(Off Peru)

O to be a sea-bird one celestial day,  
Sailing, sailing, sailing past the wind  
away!

All the crested billows rolling bright  
below,

All the boundless heaven balm and light  
and glow;

Ah, what life, what rapture wide-winged  
thus to fly,

In God's azure only sun and sea and I!

O to poise in ether, high o'er cloudy  
bars,

Where the cross at midnight burns  
among the stars!

See, to eastward, Andes lift their snows  
in air,

A SEA-BIRD

Westward bowery islands beckoning,  
Eden-fair;  
Ah, what life, what rapture, wide-winged  
thus to fly,  
In God's azure only sun and sea and I!

O the primal freedom, O the glorious ease,  
Flashing down the breakers, floating  
with the breeze!  
Still in rosy morning, sunset's golden  
shine,  
Sailing, sailing, sailing blithe above the  
brine!  
Ah, what life, what rapture, wide-winged  
thus to fly,  
In God's azure only sun and sea and I!

## THE TRYST BY THE GRAND CANYON<sup>3</sup>

A REALM of dreams is that sublimest  
chasm

Cleft by the gods in Arizona's  
plain,

Where peak on peak, shrine, fortress,  
weird phantasm,

Crowd the abyss and make our gran-  
deur vain !

Where, with the dawn, full many a  
dome and palace

Fair as Aladdin's, fronts the terraced  
wall,

And towering altar-pile and carven  
chalice

Shine with the hues of heaven at  
evening's fall.

TRYST BY THE GRAND CANYON

Where, south, loom Karnaks on the  
wide horizon —

Sphinx, temple, obelisk, to hail the  
sun ;

North, slow cloud-shadows pass like  
herds of bison

Trailing across the gorges, bold and  
dun ;

Where, in its awful bed, the Colo-  
rado,

Curbless, triumphant, to the hot Gulf  
goes,

And dreams, in quiet pools, of moun-  
tain meadow,

And the far splendor of Wyoming  
snows.

There when the sun sets and the glows  
are paling,

And sorrowing winds make moan by  
fane and tree —

## TRYST BY THE GRAND CANYON

Such sorrow as through Hades went  
bewailing

The glory vanished with Perseph-  
one —

When mid their crags the mountain  
sheep are folded,

And the cliff eagles to their eyries  
flown,

While all the mighty forms the gods  
have moulded,

Wrap them in purple dusk and grieve  
alone;

When the fond moon has climbed the  
eastern mountains

And silvered all her waiting peaks  
and pines

Past Rio Grande's, Colorado's foun-  
tains, —

The Ancient People throng their  
wonted shrines.

TRYST BY THE GRAND CANYON

Silent as mists they steal by cliff and hollow;  
With soundless feet they thread the woodland ways;  
Only the wind, low-breathing, dares to follow  
Their flitting bands through pass and darkling maze.

Hark! you may almost hear the incantations,  
The rhythmic dance, the chant, the murmured prayer,  
And, from afar, the faint reverberations  
Of cry and drum-beat thrilling through the air—  
The herald's call, perchance, when danger hovers,  
And chiefs and clans for council he must rouse,

## TRYST BY THE GRAND CANYON

The laugh of children, speech of happy  
lovers

Soft as the sighing in the cedar boughs.

But ere day brightens Coconino's dim-  
ness,

Or proud Francisco's peaks have  
caught its rose,

Or with its flush the gray walls lose  
their grimness,

Ah, whither? — and the night wind  
only knows —

The night wind and the stars that watch  
forever

Above the shrines where their brown  
children throng,

And, swift beneath, the lone, triumph-  
ant river

That bears their secret seaward with  
its song!

## TRYST BY THE GRAND CANYON

A realm of dreams is that sublimest  
chasm

Cleft by the gods in Arizona's plain,  
Where peak on peak, shrine, fortress,  
weird phantasm,

Crowd the abyss and make our  
grandeur vain !

Where festal sounds are heard if we but  
harken,

And shy forms flit and meet till  
moonlight wanes,

And the wind dies, and eerie shadows  
darken,

For over peak and plain enchant-  
ment reigns.

## THE WAY TO WAKONDA \*

(The Great Spirit of the Omaha Indians)

WAKONDA's way is the way of the wind  
That blows from star to star;  
And he who would find Wakonda  
And the land where the Vanished are,  
Must follow, follow, follow  
The west wind in its flight,  
And lo ! he will reach Wakonda  
And the Land of all Delight !

So long is the trail to Wakonda,  
And the end thereof so sweet,  
To the feet of the dead their moccasins  
We tie to make them fleet ;  
And we know they will never wander  
With cloud or moon or star,  
But straight will speed to Wakonda  
And the Land where the Loved Ones  
are.

## A WOMAN OF PARIS'

(September, 1914)

RETREATING towards the Marne, his  
regiment

Would pass at morn a neighboring  
suburb through;

And thither walked his glad young wife,  
intent

To see her soldier, strong and brave  
and true;

And in her arms, or pattering with light  
feet

Beside her steps, she held her baby  
boy—

O the proud moment when his eyes  
should greet

Their little Victor brimming o'er  
with joy !

•      •      •      •      •      •      •

A WOMAN OF PARIS

Upon the curb she stood as past they  
filed,

When something barred the way and,  
unawares,

The march a moment stayed; then wife  
and child

Saw, in the line, the father's friend  
and theirs —

Christophe, the corporal, who quickly  
spied

The eager wife he knew as girl and bride,  
And, springing from the ranks, he seized  
her arm:

*“Courage, courage, Madame! Your hus-  
band fell*

*Yesterday, by my side, at Maux.” . . .*  
Ah, well . . .

Ah, well . . . her eyelids closed, her  
heart stood still . . .

What joy henceforth can wile, what  
grief can harm! . . .

## A WOMAN OF PARIS

Then swift above her head, with  
deathless will  
She raised her boy, presenting him, and  
cried,  
For all her anguish, “Vive la France!”  
A thrill  
Ran through the throng, and with the  
line’s advance  
Cheers filled the morning sky for her  
and France  
As if no soldier in his place had died! —  
For France, secure, invincible, im-  
mortal,  
While women such as she are at its  
portal!

## PERSIA TO EUROPE<sup>6</sup>

(1911)

You scorn us? You dream we are ready  
to yield

Our realm at the threat of your armies  
afield?

*You*, race of wild rovers or forests your  
home

When *we* towered resplendent ere Ath-  
ens or Rome?—

Our grandeurs of old we can never for-  
get,

And the Mede and the Persian abide  
with us yet.

From the gulfs of the south to Tehrân  
and Tabriz'

We are rousing from sleep and submis-  
sion and ease;

PERSIA TO EUROPE

Is it just to assail us, yet hardly awake,  
When we need all our valor and vigor  
to break

The bonds that have kept us in weakness and wrong?—

Away with your dirges and cheer us with  
song!

For by our Avesta, that gospel of God  
Leading upward the soul to His crystal  
abode;

By thy columns, Persepolis, crowning  
the plain

Where age after age saw thy glorious  
reign;

By the snow of Elburz'; by the Sun in  
the sky;

By Ormuzd and Allah — our rule shall  
not die!

## CHARLES GEORGE GORDON

(Died at Khartoum, January 26, 1885)

Not Kilimanjáro towering to the sun  
Could mate his grandeur as he stood,  
at morn —

The last hope vanished, the last moment  
run —

Facing his murderous foes with silent  
scorn

Till his high soul was freed in Afric  
air! . . .

Then from the sorrowing world there  
burst acclaim

For him, abandoned, yet above despair,  
For him who boldest paths of service  
trod,

Forever in the shadow or the flame!

And so he perished — he, a knight of  
God —

Ah, deathless is the glory, is the shame!

## MOUNT TACOMA,

(Washington)

I AM Tacoma, Monarch of the Coast !  
Uncounted ages heaped my shining  
snows ;  
The sun by day, by night the starry  
host,  
Crown me with splendor ; every  
breeze that blows  
Wafts incense to my altars ; never  
wanes  
The glory my adoring children boast,  
For one with sun and sea Tacoma  
reigns !

Tacoma — the Great Snow Peak —  
mighty name  
My dusky tribes revered when time  
was young !

## MOUNT TACOMA

Their god was I in avalanche and  
flame —

In grove and mead and songs my  
rivers sung

As blithe they ran to make the valleys  
fair —

Their Shrine of Peace where no avenger  
came

To vex Tacoma, lord of earth and  
air.

Ah! when at morn above the mists I  
tower

And see my cities gleam by slope and  
strand,

What joy have I in this transcendent  
dower —

The strength and beauty of my sea-  
girt land

That holds the future royally in  
fee!

## MOUNT TACOMA

And lest some danger, undescried,  
should lower,  
From my far height I watch o'er  
wave and lea.

And cloudless eves when calm in heaven  
I rest,  
All rose-bloom with a glow of paradise,  
And through my firs the balm-wind of  
the west,  
Blown over ocean islands, softly sighs,  
While placid lakes my radiant image  
frame —

And know my worshipers, in loving  
quest,  
Will mark my brow and fond lips  
breathe my name:

Enraptured from my valleys to my snows,  
I charm my glow to crimson —  
soothe to gray;

MOUNT TACOMA

And when the encircling shadow deeper  
grows,  
Poise, a lone cloud, beside the starry  
way;  
Then, while my realm is hushed from  
steep to shore,  
I yield my grandeur to divine repose,  
And know Tacoma reigns forever-  
more !

## THE FIRE-MAIDEN AND THE SNOW-PEAKS<sup>8</sup>

(An Indian legend of the Columbia)

Loowit, the beautiful maiden ·  
Who gave the Red men fire  
That the tents might bask in its rosy  
light  
And laugh at winter's ire—  
Lit their hearts with a fiercer flame  
Of love and wild desire.  
Fair was she as the morning star ;  
Lithe as a fawn at play ;  
And the fire she fed was the only fire  
In all the world that day.

A hundred suitors thronged her feet  
From valley and wood and ridge,  
But she sat, unmoved, by her blazing  
brands  
On the tahmanáwas bridge —

## FIRE-MAIDEN AND SNOW-PEAKS

The bridge that Sághalie, chief of the  
gods,  
Arched over the mighty river,  
That the tribes might come and go at  
will  
And brothers be forever.

Unmoved she sat, in her maiden dreams,  
Above the river's flow  
Till bold from the north came Klicki-  
tat  
Challenging friend and foe,  
While mountain lion and grizzly fled  
From the shafts of his conquering  
bow;  
Till blithe from the west came Wiyeast,  
Valiant and tall was he —  
The eagle paused in its upward flight  
His goodly form to see ;  
And with them were their faithful braves  
Eager the maid to hold,

FIRE-MAIDEN AND SNOW-PEAKS

And vowing she should wed their chief  
Ere the young moon was old.

They wooed with gifts and honeyed  
words,

They showed their prowess there  
In swiftest race and wondrous game  
And all that men may dare;  
But she could not choose between the  
twain,

Nor would she say them nay,  
And with bitter thoughts they saw the sun  
Turn westward, day by day,  
And the smoke of her hearth float  
darkly up  
Till all the sky was gray.

Then madness seized them and they  
closed

In battle's awful strife  
Till the stream ran red with the blood  
of the slain

## FIRE-MAIDEN AND SNOW-Peaks

And death had more than life—  
Till the wind went by like a sea-bird's cry  
And the air with moans was rife.

Sághalie heard and was wroth, and cried,  
“Behold now, who is stronger!

The cruel maid and the furious chiefs  
Shall live to war no longer!”

And he shook the earth till the great  
bridge reeled

And plunged in the mighty river,  
And with lightning's flash and thunder's  
crash

The three were gone forever!  
Nor time nor tide, the roar of the wreck  
From the fallen dalles can sever!

“But they were mine,” said Sághalie,  
“And they shall tower in snow,  
To greet the sun at his rise and set,  
And guard the river's flow.”

FIRE-MAIDEN AND SNOW-PEAKS

And Wiyeast soars in grand Mount  
Hood;  
In Adams Klickitat shines;  
And beautiful Loowit lifts her head  
In rare Saint Helen's lines—  
Loowit, the maid of the glowing  
hearth,  
Who gave the Red men fire,  
That the tents might bask in its rosy  
light  
And laugh at winter's ire.  
The lovers gaze on her radiant brow  
But never may call her bride,  
And thus, while the ages pass, they  
tower  
Alone, but glorified,  
And the river, the mighty Oregon,  
Rolls proudly at their side.

## ON THE MASSACHUSETTS COAST

(NIGHT)

O THE gloom of the night with the  
wind and the rain  
Howling in, beating in from the deso-  
late main,  
And anon with a cry o'er the tempest  
prevailing  
Some wreck of the deep the wild ruin  
bewailing !  
From the Shoals to Nantucket the lights  
are half hid  
The rush and the roar of the breakers  
amid;  
Ships turn from their moorings; the  
boats areadrift;  
Not a merciful star looking down  
through a rift;

ON THE MASSACHUSETTS COAST  
But blackness and fear with the wind  
and the rain  
Howling in, beating in from the deso-  
late main.

(MORNING)

Now the sun tips with fire every wave's  
tossing crest;  
The gulls are blown seaward, the wind's  
in the west;  
And the wide-rolling deep and the kelp-  
laden shore  
See cloud and fog fleeing to gray Labrador.  
The ships, all a-thrill with the joy of  
the breeze,  
Sail portward as light as the foam on  
the seas;  
Not a film in the sky — not a mote in  
the air —  
The blue seems the bright wall of  
heaven laid bare —

ON THE MASSACHUSETTS COAST

And the gloom of the night and its  
ghostly cry scorning,  
We are glad in the azure and splendor  
of morning !

## AN ANGEL

At my window there's an angel  
Robed in flame—

Orange, emerald, vermillion !  
Countless treasure — not a trillion —  
Though you heaped it to the sky,  
Of the gems of earth could buy  
Such magnificence of color,  
Such release from gray and dolor,

All things tame,  
As this wondrous angel brings  
(O the ravishing evangel !)  
In the splendor of his wings—  
Orange, emerald, vermillion,  
Gold of sunset, rose of dawn —

And his name ?  
'T is the maple on the lawn !

## EBB AND FLOW

SAID Earth in the darkness wailing  
As morningward she turned,  
“Alas for the golden summers  
Along my peaks that burned !  
And alas for the beautiful maidens  
Who danced on the flowery leas,  
And my sons so bold in camp and  
mart  
And out on the stormy seas ;  
Like the rose and the palm they  
faded  
And fell by a merciless doom —  
Alas for the beauty and valor,  
While I roll on, a tomb !

“No cliff of the loftiest mountains,  
No deepest cave of the sea,

## EBB AND FLOW

But is mingled of dust that once  
had life  
And has gone afar from me:  
The æons were brief to tell my grief,  
The wide sky has not room,  
My winds chant dirges evermore  
While I roll on, a tomb!

“Soon will the warm May twilights  
Be thrilling with lovers’ words;  
I shall hear the laughter of children,  
The songs of nesting birds;  
But I know the shadow will follow,  
And my heart is lost in gloom  
As I think of the infinite myriads dead,  
While I roll on, their tomb !”

• • • •  
Morning floods the sky with splendor;  
Lo! an angel in the sun  
Crying, “*Life is lord forever!*  
*Life and death, O Earth, are one!*”

## EBB AND FLOW

*As the tides rejoice the ocean, summers wake  
or still the sod,  
So Life ebbs and flows forever, pulsing  
with the heart of God!"*

## TO-MORROW

*“To-morrow! O the glorious To-morrow!”*

The soul forever cries;

“Balm it will bring for every hurt and  
sorrow

In the fair land that lies

Just yonder, hidden from our earthly  
vision,

But waiting, waiting there

With fullest compensations, joys  
elysian,

Nor blight of dole or care.

To-day on shore and sea the tempest  
rages,

The wild winds never cease;

## TO-MORROW

*To-morrow! — Ah! the thought of it  
assuages  
The storm till all is peace.”*

• • • • •

No idle dream, but prophecy eternal,  
This rapture of the soul —  
This grand outreaching for the life  
supernal  
Though whelming billows roll.

It doth not yet appear what worlds  
benigner  
Within God’s æons bide,  
But oh, forever, days will dawn diviner,  
And we be satisfied!

## DANIEL WEBSTER<sup>9</sup>

(At his Birthplace)

HONOR the home that reared him!—  
the hills, the wood, the stream  
That heard his earliest accents, that  
shared his earliest dream!  
A place it is for pilgrimage — for grati-  
tude to shrine  
A name and fame whose grandeur will  
never know decline;  
And with gladness and remembrance and  
reverent accord,  
For his greatness and his service we  
bless and praise the Lord.

From his own Kearsarge and Katahdin  
to Shasta's dome of snow,  
From Superior's pines to the tropic Gulf  
where the palm and the orange  
grow,

DANIEL WEBSTER

He loved his Land and in dreams beheld  
    the splendor of its prime—  
A mighty nation nobly dowered for a  
    destiny sublime;  
And he strove to weld the States in one  
    with a strength no power could  
        sever,  
For the cry of his heart was, “Liberty  
    and Union, now and forever!”

We think of him as a mountain peak  
    that towers above the lea,  
Where sunshine falls and lightnings  
    flash and all the winds blow  
        free;  
And his voice comes back like the swell-  
    ing chant, within some minster  
        old,  
That floods the nave and thrills the  
    aisles and dies in a strain of  
        gold!

DANIEL WEBSTER

So lofty his eloquence, high his mien,  
had he walked the Olympian plain

The listening, wondering throngs had  
seen great Zeus come down to reign;

For beneath the blue or in stately halls,  
he swayed the hearts of men,

As the boughs are swayed by the rushing  
wind that sweeps o'er wood and glen—

As the earth is swayed by the primal  
fires that burn beyond our ken.

And when nor plea nor prayer availed  
war's awful strife to shun,

His fervor glowed in the flag aloft and  
nerved each loyal gun,

And above the roar of battle and the  
rage of mad endeavor,

His cry still echoed, “Liberty and Union,  
now and forever!”

DANIEL WEBSTER

Honor the home that reared him!—  
the hills, the wood, the stream  
That heard his earliest accents, that  
shared his earliest dream!  
Beyond earth's fret and censure how deep  
the joy to him  
That the Union lives, resplendent, not  
one star lost or dim;  
And while the skies enfold Kearsarge  
and the meadows Merrimack  
River,  
From sea to sea, shall our watchword be  
his patriot heart-cry, “Liberty  
and Union, now and forever!”

## CONCORD BY THE MERRIMACK.<sup>10</sup>

SERENE amid the meadows  
    Her seasons come and go;  
To north her glorious mountains,  
    Her ocean tides below.  
No Capital she envies  
    Its peak or plain or river—  
Fair Concord by the Merrimack,  
    Whose fame is ours forever!

New Hampshire's treasured story  
    She guards within a shrine  
As rare as Rome or Athens built  
    To those they held divine;  
For her sons come back to crown  
    her—  
Their ties they cannot sever—  
Fair Concord by the Merrimack  
    Whose fame is ours forever!

## CONCORD BY THE MERRIMACK

Still may the years bring wisdom  
And honor to her halls;  
Still her proud sons be eager  
To serve when valor calls,  
And see their Capital for aye  
Of light and joy the giver—  
Fair Concord by the Merrimack  
Whose fame is ours forever!

## THE CAGED ROBIN<sup>11</sup>

At the Pantheon of Mexico,  
Through San Fernando's gate,  
In a dim and dusty corridor  
I chanced one morn to wait,  
When, from the wall above me,  
I heard a pleading note  
As if a song had turned to sighs  
Within a tiny throat,  
And lo, a northern robin,  
Far from his heritage,  
With drooping wings and half-shut  
eyes  
Locked in a narrow cage!

Morelos and Guerrero —

Rare bronze and stone, were there,  
And Juarez, mourned of Mexico,  
Ah, never rest so fair!  
And from the Alameda

## THE CAGED ROBIN

Wild music wafted down—  
But what cared he for heroes dead,  
    Or all the Aztec town?  
His mate was in the Northland  
    Where she would build her nest  
By the apple blooms of the orchard,  
    On the bough she loved the best,  
And O to be free and flying home  
    Past mount and wood and bay—  
Home to the cool, green orchard,  
    Beneath the sky of May!  
And suddenly he spread his wings  
    As if to take the air,  
But wearily sank back again  
    To the quiet of despair. . .  
Then, from the sombre gateway,  
    I heard my comrades call,  
And gained the street, but my heart  
    was left  
With the robin on the wall.

## BOLÍVAR

(At the Pantheon, Caracas)

BOLÍVAR ! Venezuela brings  
To thee her richest offerings ;  
But bounds are not for fame like thine —  
The continent is still thy shrine ;  
Yea, North and South through thee  
are one,  
Thou peer and heir of Washington !

And while La Guayra's vale is fair  
And Ávila climbs proud in air,  
While Maracaibo's mirror glows  
And Orinoco seaward flows,  
Thy name, thy glorious deeds shall  
stand,  
The bulwark of thy native land.

## A HERO OF CARACAS<sup>12</sup>

CARACAS ! when I think of thee  
I hear the bells chime tunefully,  
The bells of Spain that mark the hour  
Within thy gray cathedral tower,  
And echo sweet and faint and far  
Where Ávila's green summits bar,  
Beyond the vale, the northern sea —  
The shining, storied Caribee.

Superb in bronze and porphyries  
I see, within the plaza trees,  
Victorious thy Bolívar ride ;  
And 'gainst the mountain's bosky side,  
Within the Pantheon where rest  
Thy noblest and thy mightiest,  
In stately pomp his urn enshrined,  
A pæan sung by every wind !  
And lo, to south, our Washington

A HERO OF CARACAS

Faces serene the tropic sun,  
Benignant, firm, thy hills before,  
As on his fair Potomac shore,  
And at his feet, in endless May,  
Thy merry, dark-browed children play :  
Honor is his, by every sea,  
Who won the world for Liberty !

But where is bronze or urn for him  
Whose fame should never lapse or dim  
While Caribee thy border laves ?  
Hast thou no grave, of all thy graves,  
To give the boldest of thy braves ?  
No pedestal whereon to set  
The chief nor peaks nor vales forget ? —  
Great Guaicaipu'ro, name to raise  
The dead with, and to crown with  
bays !

Mould in metal or carve in stone  
This Indian hero ! Make him known

### A HERO OF CARACAS

With thy Bolívar as he stood,  
Despairing, fierce, that night of blood  
When country, freedom, life were lost  
As round him closed the invading host  
With thrust of sword and pall of flame  
And shouts that stayed the stars in shame;  
And, dying, to his gods he cried  
For vengeance, and in crying, died ! . . .  
Set the statue where all may heed,  
And on its flawless marble read,  
(Perchance his curse were lighter thus—  
Lifted a shadow from thy strand —)  
*To Guaicaipu'ro valorous,*  
*Defender of his native land.*

## DOUGLAS

THERE 's an old, old song with a sweet  
refrain —

“Douglas, Douglas, tender and true”!  
It was sung of a man by Scotia's main —  
A man of a noble, knightly strain —  
But Douglas, my collie, 't was meant  
for you.

With your regal air and ruff of snow,  
Your soft dark eyes for caress that sue,  
Your welcoming bark, now loud, now  
low,  
And your glad response to love, I know  
The old, sweet song was meant for  
you —  
“Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.”

## FORGIVENESS

A MOTHER, with her darling  
Whose four years just had run,  
Bade him ask God's forgiveness  
For something he had done;  
Then left him alone by the garden,  
In the glow of the setting sun.

A moment— and he came flying  
Back through the blooms of May:  
“O mother, I *did* ask Him,  
And quick I heard him say,  
‘Yes, child, I *do* forgive you;  
Now you may go and play.’”

Ah! with our many lapses,  
How blest could *we* hear Him  
say,

## FORGIVENESS

“ Yes, child, I *do* forgive you;  
Now you may go and play.”  
The peace that passeth knowledge  
Would be in our hearts that day!

## THE KINGDOM OF GOD

THROUGH storm and sun the age draws  
on

When Heaven and earth shall meet,  
For the Lord has said that glorious  
He will make the place of His feet ;  
And the grass may die on the summer  
hills,

The flower fade by the river,  
But our God is the same through end-  
less years,  
And His word shall stand forever.

And they shall meet in love that knows  
Nor race nor creed nor clime,  
For the world shall be one brotherhood  
In that celestial time ;  
And happiness shall be the air,  
And righteousness the sod,

THE KINGDOM OF GOD

And earth go singing on her way  
About the throne of God !

“ What of the night ? ” O Watchman  
set

To mark dawn’s earliest ray :  
“ The wind blows fair from the morn-  
ing star,

Fair from the gates of day ;  
And over sorrow and sighing shines  
The Dream of Galilee —

The Kingdom of God that shall fill the  
earth

As the waters fill the sea.”

## **NOTES**



## NOTES

1. THE FÁTIHA, the opening chapter of the Koran, and the Lord's Prayer of the Moslems, runs thus:—

“Praise be to God, the Lord of all creatures; the most merciful, the king of the day of judgment. Thee do we worship, and of thee do we beg assistance. Direct us in the right way, in the way of those to whom thou hast been gracious; not of those against whom thou art incensed, nor of those who go astray.”

2. ROUM, in Arabic literature, is the name for Rome—Constantinople.

3. The country about the Grand Canyon and its tributary gorges abounds in relics of the prehistoric people who once dwelt there.

4. “The ceremony of each village (*gens*) had a central subject, some form or force,

## NOTES

having its abode in the sky or on the earth, and represented by a symbol. . . . The symbol may be an animal, as the buffalo, or a force, as the wind, and the people be spoken of by the names of the symbol of their village ; as, the ‘buffalo people,’ or the ‘wind people.’ . . . It was the duty of the ‘wind people’ to put moccasins on the feet of the dead, that they might enter the spirit land and there be recognized and able to rejoin their kindred.” (Alice C. Fletcher, in *The Indian and Nature.*)

5. This incident is told in *Paris Reborn* (p. 91), by Herbert Adams Gibbons. (The Century Co., 1915.)

6. In 1911, with the seizure of Persian territory by Russia, and the demands of Russia and England, the Constitutional and Progressive Party felt constrained to take up arms in the country’s defense.

7. “Tacoma”—the Great Snow Peak—is the beautiful, ancient, Indian name of Washington’s highest mountain. “Rainier”

## NOTES

should be banished from speech and from the maps.

8. *The Columbia River*, by W. D. Lyman, Whitman College, Oregon; *The Guardians of the Columbia*, by John H. Williams, Tacoma, Washington.

9. Read at the Daniel Webster Birthplace Celebration, at Franklin (Salisbury), New Hampshire, August 28, 1913.

10. These lines, written for the 150th Anniversary Celebration of the Charter of Concord, New Hampshire, and taken by the City as its Song, are reprinted by request. The "shrine" therein referred to is the beautiful building of the New Hampshire Historical Society, given by Mr. Edward Tuck, of Exeter, N.H., and Paris, France.

11. "The recumbent figure of Juarez, the Indian president, rests beneath a Grecian temple of purest white marble. Half supporting the body is the figure of Mexico mourning for her dead."

## NOTES

12. Guaicaipu'ro, a native Indian chief of the Caracas region, Venezuela, resisted desperately the incoming of the Spaniards, and in 1658, attacked in his mountain retreat, perished by fire and sword, with his last breath invoking vengeance upon the invaders.



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